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Choice Poetry.

TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

'Tis night upon the earth, mother,
There's silence in the street,
The busy hum of life is hushed,
The tread of passing feet.
The inspiration of the night
Has turned my troubled dreams
Back, mother, to the morn of life—
To thee and childhood scenes.

It seemed my heart would break, mother,
When bending o'er thy bed,
I saw thy heart had ceased to beat,
And knew that thou wert dead—
'Twas then I felt the first real grief
My life had ever known,
And, mother, learned how hard it was
To part with thee and home.

I did not weep alone, mother,
And bear the orphan's woe;
A brother loved was by my side,
A lovely sister, too.
They felt the sadness I did feel,
And felt themselves as lone,
For, mother, they, as well as I,
Were robbed of thee and home.

We've loved each other well, mother,
Since gathered round thy bier,
We saw thy form all cold in death,
And shed the parting tear.
And life's drear dream seems doubly drear
When straying thoughts do roam
Back, mother, to those happy years—
To thee, and boyhood's home.

And I remember well, mother,
How, in my infant hours,
I dreamed that this wide waste of life
Was strewn all o'er with flowers;
But change of years brought change of dreams,
And broke the pleasant spell,
For, mother, thou and home were gone,
I used to love so well.

The impress of thy words, mother,
Still lingers in my breast,
And guides my hoping spirit up
To realms of perfect rest.
Thy purest thoughts and hallowed hopes
Are mirrored in my mind;
And, mother, the heart shall ever keep
Thy teachings there enshrined.

They tell me that the dead, mother,
Do often hover near,
On spirit-wings, to watch and bless
The beings they held dear.
Oh! 'tis a soul-inspiring thought—
The bosom's deepest thrill—
To know, dear mother, thou dost watch
And guard thy children still.

'Tis night upon the earth, mother,
There's silence in the street;
The busy hum of life is hushed—
The tread of passing feet.
The inspiration of the night
Still turns my troubled dreams,
Back, mother, to the morn of life,
To thee and childhood scenes.

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward. Nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.—*Winter's Tale.*

It was about eight o'clock, on a cold, gusty evening, at the latter end of October, that a stranger got off the London coach, which stopped at the door of the Swan Inn, at Ellerton.

Being a coach traveller, and with little luggage, he was shown into the commercial-room.

"Can I not have a room to myself, waiter?" he said, rather impatiently.

"Oh, certainly, sir! This way, if you please; two steps, sir." He was shown into a comfortable room, with a blazing fire. "Do you sleep here to-night, sir?"

"Yes. And let me have a good fire in my bedroom, for it is horribly cold." And he thrust his stiffened fingers almost into the grate. "Be quick with some dinner. What can I have?"

"Chops, sir?"

"Yes. Have you any fish?"

"A few herrings, sir," said the waiter, with increasing respect.

"Well, let me have some fish, and some sherry, or some good beer, if you have any, and you may settle the rest as you please."

The waiter proceeded to the kitchen.

"Do your best, missis; this is a real gentleman, who cares no more for a pound than nothink."

"Who've we got here, Dick?" shouted the landlady to her husband. "Sam says he's a real gentleman."

"Has he got any luggage, Sam?"

"Only a bag, sir, and he carried that himself,—but he's a real gentleman, that I can see, and he cares no more for expense than nothink."

"I'll go up with his dinner myself. I knows a real gentleman, that I does. If he's a real gentleman, he'll ask me to take a drop. Many's the one has done it before now. Draw the best beer, Sam, and take care the chops are tender, Doll."

The landlord went into the room with the dinner, and from a gentleman he was soon raised to be a nobleman in his estimation; for immediately saying he hated to dine alone, the stranger begged his host to bear him company. The landlord was nothing loth, and sat down to a second dinner, or, had the offer been made to him, he would have sat down to a third with an appetite undiminished and undiminishable.

"Have you much business, landlord?" began the stranger, "this seemed a quiet place, as well as I could see in the dark."

"Well, it is a quiet place, sir,—but we does a good bit in the way of business—what with travellers halways, and hunting in the winter, and picnicking in the summer, we sees a good many new faces. I had two lords here one night last winter, sir. I thinks as how I have a third now. I drinks your lordship's health."

"No, my good friend, no lordship; but I drink your health, and success to the Swan Inn at Ellerton. I suppose you have balls here, in the winter, when the country is full?"

"No, sir, we haven't much of a hopping gentry about here; a good many young girls, and very few of the other sort, sir. It's a dull place, Ellerton is; and if it warn't for the fine travellers, I often think I should be off, sir. And it's a pity, too, for we have the beautifullest young lady her, that hever your heyes did see—"

"Indeed!—who may she be?"

"Why, she's an horphant, sir, or as good as an horphant, for all she sees of her father; though some do say he's living yet. I've been in the Ingies, sir, and I've been to Amerikay, but never did I see—no, not in Lon'on neither—the likes of her."

"What did you say was this country beauty's name?"

"Such black heyes, sir—oh, my! I often says to Dolly—Dolly's my wife, sir—'Dolly,' says I, 'your heyes does for the likes of me, but if I was a young gentleman, I wouldn't be content, no, not I, without a pair of heyes like those of Miss Isabel Denison.'"

There was a pause, and the landlord rose to go.

"Well," said the stranger, laughing, "I shouldn't mind having a wife myself. Where can I see this beauty of yours?"

"Why, at church, sir, to-morrow, as sure as a gun. She's a kind of a saint, or a hangel, and she hasn't missed divine service since she was a hinfant so high; and it's not many of us poor sinful creatures as can say the same. I won't tell you no more, sir. You'd pick her out of all Lon'on. I'll send you some tea, and much obliged, sir."

The stranger threw himself back in his chair, put his legs on the fender, and remained for some time in deep thought.

The church bells had scarcely begun to ring for morning service, on the following day, when he left the inn, Mrs. Dolly remarking, as she saw him off,—"A real gentleman, Sam, and religious, too; see how he goes decent-like to be first at church."

A few old women and the clerk were the only people assembled when the stranger entered, and he stood for some minutes in the aisle. The clerk then offered him a seat, and he watched, with an anxiety and impatience not to be described, the gathering of the congregation. Once or twice, an observer might have seen him start, as a gay bonnet appeared in the doorway; but the expression of interest again and again faded away. Intent, however, as he seemed on the congregation, his eye was for a moment diverted, and arrested by the figure of Herbert Grey, as, following Mr. Price from the vestry he entered and knelt down within the altar. His noble and striking appearance in that village church surprised him. The one moment that his eye was caught, three figures came in by a side door, and took their seats near that of the stranger. On one of these his attention was immediately fixed. She was a tall, slight girl, very simply dressed—but, although he could not see her face, there was an indescribable grace in her gestures, which convinced him that she was the object of his search. His nervous excitement increased, but she never once during the service moved her head.

Wandering, however, as were his thoughts, when Herbert went into the pulpit, and his deep, earnest voice was heard, the stranger's attention was caught, gradually was fixed, and, as he owned to himself, almost for the first time in his life, he listened with interest to a sermon. The text was from Deuteronomy,—"Oh! that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

Often before had Herbert exhorted the people to a consideration of their latter end; but to a close observer, on this day, the tone of his preaching was changed. He seemed no more the severe monitor, but the affectionate father of his flock. A change might also have been remarked on his countenance, as if some deep oppression, some dark cloud, had passed away. If such change there were, it was, however, unremarked, save by one; but its effect was felt. Never had Herbert's words made so deep an impression as they did that day.

The service was over; the stranger leaned upon the pew and his whole soul was in the gaze he fixed on the figure before him. At last she moved; it was perhaps the force of that gaze which compelled her to look round. She started—her color changed—once again she looked, then followed her companions into the church yard.

"How pale you look, my dear!" said Mrs. Shepherd, as they walked home, "it was close, though, and I thought there was an unpleasant smell. I felt queer myself once."

"You do look pale," said Rachel; "what is the matter, Isabel?"

"Am I pale, Aunt Rachel? I didn't know it—I am quite well. I had a foolish fancy for a minute," she continued, in a low voice, "but it is nothing. Did you see a stranger at church?"

"No, at least, I observed no one in particular."

The stranger was still in Isabel's mind when she went to church in the afternoon. He was not there on first going in, and she felt both relieved and disappointed; but again, as she left the church, she encountered that earnest scrutinizing gaze, and her cheek was deadly pale, when her aunt again addressed her—

"Now, my dear Isabel, what is the matter? what is this foolish fancy which is to make you look like a ghost?"

"I know it is very foolish—I feel it is impossible—but I cannot help it; I fancied it might be—my father!"

It was almost the first time she had ever mentioned that name to Rachel.

"Dear Isabel, when so many strangers pass through Ellerton, why should it be? You must not be so fanciful, my dear child. You will have no peace in life, if you indulge your imagination in this way."

Isabel made no answer, and they walked home. They stood for a few minutes in the cottage garden, and Mrs. Shepherd, leaning on the wall, spoke to some of the passers by. Suddenly Isabel seized Rachel's arm.

"Look, Aunt Rachel, there he is!" said she. The stranger passed, earnestly fixed his gaze on her face, and then, as if in atonement for his incivility, took off his hat.

"My dear child, you are nineteen, and that young man can not be more than twenty-seven. How can you be so foolish!"

"But why, then, should he look at me so earnestly?"

Rachel smiled. "Few girls besides you would ask such a question, Isabel." It was the nearest approach to a compliment that Miss Shepherd had ever paid her charge.

Isabel, however, was not satisfied, and her mind dwelt for some days upon the incident, till her attention was diverted by her parting with Herbert. His father was taken suddenly ill, and he required the care of his son. It was now that she first fully felt his value—first found how wonderful was the change in her feelings since his arrival at Ellerton.

CHAPTER VII.

Although the day be never so long,
At last it ringeth to even song.
Old Rhyme.

It was above nineteen years since he had left England, when Captain, now Mr. Denison, (for he had left the army,) again set his foot upon his native soil. He came back an altered man. He had left his country in the reckless, thoughtless selfishness of manhood; he returned, grave, sober, stern, it may be, selfish still, but selfish in a more subtle form. He left it comparatively in poverty, he came back a millionaire. He left it flying from a despised, but loved and beautiful wife, and he came back, bringing with him a wife young and fair, honored and loved, but not as he had loved the wife of his youth. Few would have traced the gay young officer in the grave, noble-looking, respected Mr. Denison, who returned to take his place among his former friends and contemporaries, in his native land.

When Captain Denison parted from his wife, it was really with bitter sorrow, but he reasoned with himself that he had acted foolishly, and must suffer for it; and soon, very soon, reasoning was needed no more. He consoled himself; to all intents and purposes, though one occasionally crossed his path a vision of beauty, Amy was forgotten. The voyage, the arrival in India, his duties, his amusements, his companions, filled his mind. "Men have all these resources," and Amy was forgotten.

It was about a year after he had deserted her, that he was sitting one day in a reading-room at Calcutta, with several young men of his acquaintance. He was bending over a table, deeply engaged in writing, when a young man approached him with a smiling face, and tapped him on the shoulder. "I congratulate you, George, you've got a daughter!"

Captain Denison started, then impatiently pushed him away. "What a fool you are, Harris! Why do you disturb me?"

"Nay, but look," persisted the young man, "I am sure it is quite as great a surprise to me as it seems to be to you, for I never even heard a rumor of your marriage, but this is plain enough:—'The wife of Captain George Denison, of a daughter, at Ellerton, on the 10th inst.'"

Captain Denison affected to laugh, and took the newspaper from the hands of his friend, who, laughing also, sate down again. A few moments afterward, he saw Denison rise and dart from the room, and, catching a hasty glance at his face, he saw that it was white as ashes.

Harris was discreet, and fond of Denison. He picked up the newspaper, which had fallen to the ground, and, without saying a word, looked on. Among the deaths recorded on the same day, he saw the following:—"At Ellerton, on the 10th instant, Mrs. George Denison, aged 19."

Captain Harris pondered for some time on this strange occurrence; but he saw, whatever the history might be, that it was a secret connection of his friend's, with which he had no concern; and, putting up the newspaper which had attracted his own attention, to secure this one, at least from the eyes and observations of others, he left the room, in hopes of meeting with Denison again. He went to his room that day, and the next, and the next, but was steadily refused admittance. The third day, Captain Denison reappeared, pale, indeed, as with recent suffering, and in deep mourning, but in manner and spirits much as usual. On their first meeting, his eyes met those of Harris, and plainly enough said, "Ask me no questions." For the rest, it all passed unnoticed by his companions, with the exception of a casual inquiry made of Harris, "who on earth Denison was in such deep mourning for?"

Years passed away, and Captain Denison became a distinguished officer, and, from circumstances needless to detail, but not uncommon in India, riches flowed in upon him, and still he claimed not, thought not, of his child. In the first moments of agony, indeed, when Amy in all her grace and beauty, and affection, was recalled, he had determined to seek at once the child she had left him; and, had it been a boy, it is most probable he would have done so. But when these first moments of remorse were over, he reasoned again—"What can I do here with a girl? She is far safer and happier where she is." And when this had been repeated once or twice, the question was settled. A few letters were begun to Miss Shepherd, commending the child to her care, but these, too, on second thought, were thrown aside—it was better to leave the case as it was—he might only raise expectations never to be realized. When he returned to England, if he ever did, he would claim her, and then his love should make amends for all.

And years passed away, and Captain Denison married again, a beautiful girl whom he met with in India, the daughter of a General Courtenay. Seven years after their marriage, rich, respected, but childless, he returned with her to England, and to his father's house. How many had passed away from that home since he had left it twenty years before, in the reckless thoughtlessness of youth!

A few days after his return, he sat one morning early in his dressing room. He was engaged in writing and his look was graver, even than was usual. There was a knock at the door, and a young man looked in.

"Good morning, George. I was just going down to my chambers, and your man—what's his name, Finch—told me that you wanted particularly to speak to me. Can I do any thing for you, down my way?" he continued, swinging the door in his hand.

"Oh, no, I wanted to speak to you. Pray shut the door and come in. It is so cold here;" and he shivered.

"I suppose you feel the climate," said the young man, coming slowly in. Charles Denison had not been a week in his brother's company without learning to stand in awe of him. He now wished himself at Jericho, or any other out-of-the way place in the world, rather than where he was. "What can he want me for?" he repeated over and over again, as, after he had seated himself, a dead silence followed. A bright thought flashed across his mind. "Perhaps he is going to give me some money!"

Mr. Denison got up, and began walking about the room. "I wanted to speak to you, Charles—pray sit down again, I'm so uncommonly cold this morning. Have you breakfasted?"

"No. Have you?"

"My breakfast is just coming. Emmeline is not well this morning. You shall have some, too." He rang the bell till it broke. "Finch, Mr. Charles Denison will breakfast with me. What do you drink, Charles? Chocolate, I suppose, the family beverage?"

Charles nodded, the door closed, and Mr. Denison resumed his walk.

"I wanted to speak to you, Charles, about a matter of my own." The young man looked relieved. "What a bore the light is! my eyes can't bear it." He hurriedly drew down the blinds, though it was a dull October day, and the windows looked north, and again paced up and down the room.

Suddenly he came and stood before his brother, and began speaking very quickly. "I don't suppose you are aware, Charles, that I was married before now?" Charles opened his eyes to their widest extent. "You need not stare so, Charles," he said, impatiently; "I say I was married many years ago, to a curate's daughter, in the country." He paused.

"She isn't alive, George?" said the young lawyer, looking aghast as the visions of a trial for bigamy flitted before his eyes.

"Alive! Why, what do you take me for? Alive!" he repeated, in a lower voice, as he walked restlessly up and down, "no, poor Amy!" He passed his hand over his eyes, and was silent for some minutes; then began again.

"Well, Charles, I married, as I said, many years ago. I was a brute, then, and I soon left my wife and went to India. Some months afterward, I found that I had a daughter, and that she was dead."

"Is your daughter alive?" asked the young man timidly.

"I don't know. I never inquired, from that day to this. I thought she would be better taken care of where she was. I tell you, I was a brute then, but now I should like to hear of her, and I wish that you should manage it for me. I will give you all directions, will you go and see her, under a false name? See if she lives, and see what she is like. If she is an awkward, vulgar girl, I will own her, that I have determined to do at any rate, and I will give her a large fortune, but I will not have her to live with me. It would be false kindness—it would be too late for me to begin to love her, under such circumstances. If she is ladylike—I must use a word I hate. I don't care about beauty—but if she is ladylike, it is enough. You may then go to her from me, or, perhaps, not. Come back to me, with your opinion. If she is worthy of it, I will go and humble myself to her family, for her sake. Do you understand me, Charles? Will you undertake the journey, and perform it discreetly? I will trust it entirely to you."

"Willingly," answered the young man. "I will go to-morrow. Sunday will be a good day to see her, without being seen myself."

"Yes, a very good idea, and to-morrow night make inquiries at the inn about her character. I leave it all to you. Good by; it was a bad business," and he sighed; "but don't hate me for it."

The brothers shook hands, and Charles took leave.

"What a strange story!" thought he, as he went down the steps. "I don't half like it. Neglecting the child, too, all these years! Why, she must be twenty, I suppose. By-the-bye, I never got my breakfast, after all."

The result of Charles Denison's journey has been related in the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mais, non, je garde une esperance,
Car elle a dit "je reviendrai."—*Romance.*

The report of Charles Denison to his brother made him determine to lose no time in claiming his long neglected child. But, as the moment drew near, his promised personal humiliation to the Shepherds became more and more obnoxious to him. He dreaded it; he dreaded the sight of Ellerton, and all the familiar scenes of his wanderings with Amy; he dreaded, too, the excitement it must cause to his own feelings, and, though he was far from being without good qualities, his character had not that nobleness which gladly endure pain, if enduring it can in any way atone for error.

He had a great deal to undergo in owning his child—in making known to his wife, his family, his friends, his early marriage; and he told the truth—he made no false story—he was above that; but he was willing to spare himself where it was possible; and, excusing himself under the plea of its being necessary that he should remain with his wife, who, never very strong, had on arriving in England, caught rather an alarming cold, he determined that all the necessary communications should be made in writing, and that, having prepared them, Charles Denison should return and bring his daughter to London.

He wrote to Miss Shepherd, inclosing a letter to Isabel. To the former he did not spare himself; he did the fullest justice to Amy, and professed to be willing to receive all the reproaches her sister could lavish upon him.

They were sitting at breakfast in the cottage, about ten days after Charles Denison's visit to Ellerton. The letters were brought in, and Isabel was soon intent on one she received from Herbert. One was given to Miss Shepherd—she opened it, started, scarcely restrained herself from an exclamation—hastily glanced at Isabel, then re-folded it, and put it into her pocket. When Isabel looked up, her face was calm and quiet as usual.

"What news of Herbert?" she asked, with a smile.

"General Grey is almost well again. It was an attack of gout, and Herbert says he shall be here on Saturday, unless there should be a relapse; but I don't think that is likely, is it, Miss Shepherd?"

"No, my dear, I don't think it is, but I never had much gout myself, nor Shepherd either, so I don't understand much about it; but when a thing is gone, my dear, why, it is gone, you know; and it does not seem quite right to be expecting it back again. So, upon the whole, I think Herbert will come. And has he told his father the good news, my dear?"

"No, aunt," said Rachel. "You know it is not to be mentioned to any body for a month or two."

"Very true, my dear Rachel, I remember now. I'm glad I asked the question, for I had almost forgotten that, and I was just thinking I should have a little talk with Mr. Price about it; but I remember now, and so I'm glad I happened to ask the question, for sometimes I do forget a little."

The moment breakfast was over, Rachel shut herself up in her room to read Mr. Denison's letter; and the calm, self-possessed woman wept tears of agony as the passionate expressions of the repentant father and husband recalled to her mind the sister of her youth. Many and many had been the pangs of self-reproach with which Rachel had been visited regarding Amy. Many and many a time had the thought presented itself, that, but for her own disregard of her feelings, her sister's fault would never have been committed; for after-years of thought and experience had taught her that, however great may be the duty of ministering to the wants of the poor and needy, that duty is seldom well performed, when performed at the expense of those ties which God himself has made.

But feelings with Rachel were never long indulged, and she went about her usual morning tasks, that there might be no ungovernable emotion, no traces even of agitation when she broke the news to Isabel. She felt instinctively (although she had never yet seen her niece under the influence of great excitement, the course of her love having been smooth indeed) that her own calmness would be needed.

It was about one o'clock when she returned home, for her important and somewhat difficult task. She stopped for a moment at the window of the little drawing-room. Isabel was bending over the table, writing to Herbert; and Rachel stood and gazed upon her beauty, and, for the first time, something like pride arose in her mind, as she dwelt on what a father's feelings would be when such a treasure was consigned to his arms! And this treasure, rich as Isabel might be in natural grace, she could not but feel that she had in some degree prepared for him.

She walked slowly into the room, and sate down opposite to her niece. Though perfectly calm, there was something unusually thoughtful and tender in her expression, and Isabel was struck by it.

"What is the matter, Aunt Rachel?—why do you look so strangely at me?"

"I was thinking of you, Isabel—of parting from you. I was fancying that time, when our home will no longer be gladdened by your presence."

"But you know you are not to think of that as yet. It will not be for a long, long time; and I, at least, will not think of the evil day till it comes."

"I was not thinking of your marriage, Isabel," replied her aunt, gravely. "Is there no other event which might separate us?"

Isabel fixed her large eyes wonderingly on her aunt.

"If your father should claim you, my child, must I not resign you to him?"

"My father!" she said, starting from her seat. "Aunt Rachel, you have heard from him! You would not—you could not—" she pressed her hand on her beating heart—"I knew, I knew he would come!" and turning away she hid her face in her hands.

Miss Shepherd's answer was to present her with Mr. Denison's letter. It contained only the following lines, but no passionate expressions of love or penitence could have touched her heart so deeply as those simple words.

"MY CHILD.—

"After so many years of neglect can you love your father still? GEORGE DENISON."

The color which had overspread her face ebbed away; her cheek deadly pale, her eye fixed, almost stupefied—she stood gazing on the words. That moment so longed for was come at last!

Miss Shepherd became alarmed at her appearance; to rouse her, she got up, and tenderly kissed her. "Did I not say truly, my own child, Isabel, that we must part?"

Her words, her voice, with its tone of unwonted emotion, turned the current of Isabel's feelings, and, burying her face on the table, she burst into a torrent of tears—the wildest tears she ever had shed, in childhood or in youth.

Miss Shepherd placed her own letter on the table before her and she left the room.

After a time, Mrs. Shepherd burst open the door, but her exclamations of astonishment—"Well, to be sure! Well, I never expected this! Well, I always did think he would come!" were stilled at Isabel's appearance. She contented herself with kissing her, and asking a few desultory questions, and then walked away to finish her exclamations to Rachel if she would hear them; or, if not, in solitude. But Isabel was roused, and seeing the letter which her aunt had left for her, she seized it and hurried to her room.

It was more than two hours afterward that Rachel went to her, as the post time drew near. She had written her own letter to Mr. Denison—a kind, even affectionate one; and in answer to his inquiry as to when she would be willing to let Isabel go to him, she had named a week. It was but a little while to prepare herself to part with her only earthly treasure; but she often dreamed that there were depths in her niece's mind, depths of feeling which she had no power to fathom, and she feared for her alike—a long parting with Ellerton, or a long waiting for the sight of her father. She thought a week would be enough for the first, and sufficient to prevent any restless agitation in the expectation of the other.

She now opened the door of Isabel's room, and found her like a lily after a storm, so pale, so crushed—her long hair drenched with her tears. "My dear Isabel, why this?"

She smiled through her still falling tears, and shook her head.

"This must not be," said her aunt, gently. "I have always thought that you could control your feelings, as I have tried to teach you to do; but perhaps it has been because, as yet, you have never much been tried. You must have more self-command,—your future life may be very different from the quiet past, and you don't know how necessary it may be to your happiness to have the control of your feelings. I will not blame you now, my dear child; but will you remember, as my last advice, that a woman, especially, can never yield much to the indulgence of her own feelings without falling into the worst kind of selfishness."

Rachel spoke gravely. Self-command was one of her highest virtues, nor was she very far wrong in her estimate of its value. Her quiet tone calmed Isabel.

"I have written to your father, and I came to see if your letter was ready. I will put it up for you; and now, my dear Isabel, I must desire that you will go out walking. I have a message to send across the heath—you shall take it for me. Put on your bonnet and warm cloak, for though the sun is shining, it is very cold."

The emotions of that day completely exhausted Isabel. She fell into a kind of apathy which astonished and distressed herself. Neither the long-cherished hope of seeing her father, nor the dread of parting with her aunt—now far dearer than ever—seemed to have any power to arouse her. Yet, painful as such stupor must always be, it was well in this case that it came upon her, for the thoughts alike of the future and of the past would have been too much for her deep feelings and her excitable imagination.

On first hearing the news, Herbert would have flown to spend with Isabel the last week at Ellerton—the last week, something whispered within his heart, of his own happiness; but a return of his father's illness made it impossible to leave him, and it was not till the very day before Isabel's departure that they met again.

He arrived at Ellerton about the middle of the day; and, after sitting a little while in the cottage, he asked her to take a last walk with him. They left the house together, and their mutual feelings led them to the path along the fields where they had their first explanation. The air was bitterly cold, but they scarcely felt it. "The tempest in the mind doth from the senses take all feeling else, save what beats there."

They walked at first in silence. Herbert delayed to speak what yet he had determined should be said, and Isabel had no words. Calm, but unutterable sadness had this last day taken possession of her soul. The moment so long thought of, so earnestly desired, now stood with a kind of terror before her eyes.

"This is our last meeting as—as we now are, Isabel," Herbert began at last, gravely but calmly. "When next I see you, it must be almost as strangers that we shall meet." She looked up in his face, surprised and doubting. "You could not think, dear Isabel," he said, answering her look, "that I should let you go bound to your father's house?"

"Bound?" she repeated. "I don't understand you."

"You are going into a new world, Isabel; I well know how new, how exciting to you. You are going to begin a new life; you must not go bound by a tie which you have contracted in comparative solitude."

"Still I don't understand," said Isabel, simply. "Are we not bound in word as well as in affection?"

"We can release ourselves," he said, smiling sadly, that rare and peculiar smile which, when it passed over his face had so deep a meaning. "I have suffered"—he paused, and closed his eyes as if over the anguish within; "but no matter—I saw at once how it must be. It is a duty, and, if a hard one, still not the less a duty."

"You are deceiving yourself, Herbert. How can it ever be a duty to break the vows that have been exchanged? I see how it is," she continued, after a moment's pause; and a flush of wounded feeling passed over her face; "you doubt me?"

"No, Isabel; I trust you as I trust myself; but will you listen to me for a moment? You are going into a life so new that you cannot even conceive what it will be. You are no longer at the disposal of your aunt. Of me your father might not approve, as the husband of his child—at any rate, not as the choice of her youth and inexperience; and rightly, Isabel, for circumstances change us more than you, in your quiet life, can tell. Could I then let you begin your new life with any thing that might give your father pain? Does not this seem right in your eyes? I have thought much about it, and it appears so to me. And besides this, dear Isabel, I must think of you. It is with no doubt of your truth or your love that I speak, but you cannot yourself have an idea of what may be the temptations of your future life. I must think of this for you. You shall go into that new world free—free to choose again if you should meet with one more worthy of your love,—I cannot say who would love you more—that could not be." He paused, but Isabel still waited. "If, at the end of a year, you feel as you do now; if, in all the bright world in which you will move, you find none to love more than I feel you now love me, then, Isabel, dearest Isabel, with what joy would I come to you, and we would together ask your father's blessing on our love!"

A momentary smile of gladness passed over his face, but it faded again.

"Perhaps you are right, Herbert," after a long pause, Isabel replied; "I am scarcely myself to-day, scarcely understand your words, but I think that perhaps you are right; I will go free to my father; but oh, Herbert!" and she looked up in his face with an expression that sunk into the depths of his soul—"do you suppose it possible that I can forget you?"

"No, Isabel," he said, in a low voice, and they walked on again in silence.

The short day began to close. Charles Denison was to arrive at the inn late in the evening, and very early the next morning Isabel was to go with him to London. Herbert had determined to part from her now; the evening, he felt, was Miss Shepherd's right; and to sit and gaze upon her, and not have her all to himself, would be but increase of agony. He stopped her as they drew near the house.

"I will not come in, Isabel; it is better so, indeed," he said, as he saw she would have remonstrated. "Your aunt has a first right to you, to-night, and I—" he paused; then, with his sad smile added—

"I must go and accustom myself to Ellerton without you."

She stood still without speaking. Large tears had gathered in her eyes, but they did not fall. Herbert drew a deep breath, to command himself to the last.

"I will now go," he said, and took her hand—"I thank you, Isabel, for you love, even if—whatever comes, you know not what it has been to me. And now, Isabel, dearest Isabel, God bless you, and keep you pure and bright, as you are, amid the temptations of the world to which you are going!" He wrung the hand he held, waited not for the words which he saw she tried, but tried in vain, to speak—and they parted.

CHAPTER IX.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?
Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart.
Byron.

The last evening is always too sad for words. The change, whatever the change may be, is too near to be spoken of. It cannot be talked over lightly, easily it must not be, for the inward grief is too near the surface to be restrained if once the fountain is unsealed; and so almost in silence, Isabel passed her last evening at Ellerton.

The morning came. She had kissed her aunt and Mrs. Shepherd; to please the latter, she had attempted to swallow some breakfast. She had looked her farewell to the house, the garden and all the familiar scenes of her childhood and her youth, and stood ready, waiting for Mr. Charles Denison, when he arrived in the carriage her father had sent for her. It was a pretty travelling chariot, with four horses, a sight which had gladdened the heart of the landlord of the Swan Inn, who, with his wife and the waiter, gloried over their own discernment, in having recognized a real gentleman in the solitary traveller who came to them.

"Are you ready, Miss Denison?" he said, as he jumped out, with much tact avoiding any allusion to her peculiar situation on this their first meeting. "There is no hurry; pray don't let me hurry you."

"I am quite ready, thank you," she said, calmly. Without turning her head again, she once more held out her hand to her aunt, who stood, calm as herself, to see her off, and hastily stepped into the carriage.

It was a long and dreary journey, and Isabel's courage almost failed when she found herself alone with a stranger, and on her way to none but strangers. How differently had she a thousand times pictured to herself the meeting with her father! There seemed something chilling, chilling as the wintry weather, in this way of claiming his long neglected child. Charles Denison seemed to understand what her feelings must be, for he turned from her, and amused himself by watching a few flakes of snow which were falling. He had expected a burst of grief, always painful to a man to witness, and he looked, therefore, with admiration on the self-command which enabled her, with that pale, sad countenance to sit so calmly by his side.

They arrived, at last, in Grosvenor Square. The carriage stopped. Charles Denison handed out the pale, trembling, dreaming daughter, and, shaking hands with her kindly and affectionately, left her to the servant. He knew his brother too well to venture in.

The servant led her into a large, well-lighted, richly furnished drawing room, but she saw nothing; and her heart beat so wildly, that she felt as if she could hear nothing but its pulses. She was still standing where she had been left, when the servant returned. She started as the door opened, but it was only to beg her to follow again, and she was led to Mr. Denison's dressing room. It was empty, and still she stood with her beating heart, and felt as if life could not bear it much longer. Her eye was on the door by which she had entered; but, after a suspense of about five minutes, another door on the opposite side of the room slowly opened, and a tall, grave figure stood in the entrance. For a moment the father and daughter gazed on each other without speaking, without moving; then Isabel rushed toward the door where Mr. Denison stood, and fell almost lifeless in his arms.

He tore off her bonnet, he placed her on a sofa; he put back her long, dark hair from her face—again and again he kissed her cold forehead—and slowly she opened her large eyes and smiled.

"What is your name?" he murmured. It had passed from his memory—another name only was before him, and trembled upon his lips.

"Isabel."

He rose, paced up and down the room, pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then returned to gaze upon her.

"You are beautiful, my child," he said; "but you are not like your mother. Oh, Isabel! have you forgiven me for her and for yourself?"

From his stern, proud eyes the tears fell fast upon her hand.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, looking up at him with the unutterable love that was springing toward him in her heart. "Does not this repay for all?"

There was a low knock at the door. It was Mrs. Denison, who feared this first meeting for her husband.

"May I come in, George?" she asked gently.

Mr. Denison led her up to Isabel, who rose to receive her young step-mother. She was a pale, fair woman, at six-and-twenty, as young looking as Isabel. Mrs. Denison kissed her affectionately, and said a few kind words, gently, but timidly. She then looked anxiously at her husband, whose pale cheek and compressed lips bespoke deep inward suffering.

"Isabel looks tired," she said, turning toward him. "You must let me take her up to rest before dinner. Will you come?" she continued, smiling kindly, as Mr. Denison nodded his acquiescence—and they left the room together. She took her up to a pretty room on the second floor, and there left her, saying she would come back again.

Happy to be alone, Isabel sunk into a reverie in her chair. It was over then—this longed for, this of late dreaded meeting was over. She had seen her father—and what a father!—with her own eyes; and, strange as all seemed, she was in her own home. Before long, her reflections were interrupted by the entrance of her maid, a little country girl, in whose simple mind Ellerton was the world, and the beginning of Paradise the day on which she became Isabel's maid. She came in loaded with parcels, and stood breathless before her mistress.

"Oh, dear Miss! how happy we shall be!"

Happiness was not the feeling at that moment uppermost in Isabel's agitated mind, and with some surprise, she asked why.

"Why, Miss, it's a palace! Such lamps, such stairs, such carpets. I was almost afeard to tread on them. What would Miss Shepherd say? Oh, Miss Isabel, how happy we shall be!"

"Grandeur does not make happiness, Annie!" said Isabel, with a sigh. "We were very happy at Ellerton."

"Yes, Miss, because we knew no better there. Now—" and she looked around with an air of importance which bespoke the sudden acquisition of a whole world of knowledge. "There's the dressing-bell, Miss, a very civil person told me as how it would soon ring. Pray, Miss, begin at once; we must not fluster to-night."

Isabel rose, as she desired; it was not vanity which made her anxious on this night to look her best.

The dressing was over. With a scream of delight Annie saw a long looking glass, and rather rudely pushed her young mistress toward it. Isabel had never had so good a view of herself before, and she contemplated her appearance with some anxiety. She might have been satisfied. Her dark, shining hair contrasted with her fair skin and snow-white dress, while the agitation of her mind gave a brilliancy that was almost dazzling to her eyes and complexion; but she shook her head.

"I wonder if I am like other people?" she said, musingly.

"No, Miss, not the least like any one I ever saw before," said Annie promptly. As she had never seen any one but Miss Bridges and the Miss Chapmans, her assurance carried neither comfort nor the contrary; and with a smile at her own anxiety Isabel turned away.

Mrs. Denison came at last. "Are you ready, Isabel?" she said; and, laying her hand kindly on her arm, she led her along the passage. "Will you come in for a minute?—I wish to speak to you;" and she opened and closed again the door of her own dressing-room. "I should have come to you before, dear Isabel, but your father has been so much agitated I could not leave him. I wished to tell you that I loved you for his sake. There was a time, a few months back, when I first heard of your existence, that I thought of your appearance only with pain, as perhaps you may have thought of me; but all such feeling is over now with both of us—is it not? And you will love me—not, perhaps, as a mother," and she glanced, with a smile, at her own youthful face reflected in the glass, near which they stood, "but as your elder sister, Isabel, and we will be very happy."

Isabel felt her stepmother's kindness. Doubtless there might be much to pain—much to annoy—in this sudden coming of a daughter to her home; and with tearful eyes, she gratefully and affectionately kissed her. But her mind reverted to the one subject of anxiety that filled all her thoughts, and which the agitated meeting with her father had not entirely satisfied. "And my father—will he love me?"

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

PRINCE WINDISCHRATZ.

The very important and interesting character of the recent news from Hungary and Austria, engenders a desire to see portraits of the principal characters who are figuring in those exciting scenes. Last week we were able to procure a likeness of Jellachich, Ban of the Croats, and this week we lay before our readers a portrait of the even still more famous—or, rather, infamous—Prince Windischratz, the man who commanded at the siege, and after massacre, at Vienna, and by whose orders the German patriot, Robert Blum, was condemned and executed. The face of Windischratz does not denote a man who loves blood for its own sake—but that of one who is from education and circumstances the stern, unbending tool of despotic power.

Thrilling Sketch.

MY FIRST LEGACY.

[illegible]

pose of the great city, and the sound streams on my ears with a strange distinctness.

"The effects are beginning to appear at last," I mused Sarzil; "it is kind of hell, as it were, but still watching has utilized quality.

The words seemed to me hardly to have been spoken by his lips, so deep and striking was their intensity, and I involuntarily answered—

"What effects?"

"The effects of the poison," he answered, coldly.

"Poison, you mean?"

"Poison which I administered to you in the sugar, which you will remember I prepared for you in the Italian manner, as I said at supper."

At last I had without speech or emotion.

"Don't be very much surprised," he continued, in the calmest tone, "it is a peculiar narcotic poison I administered to you, and I was struck by a sudden sense of which I have to confess. The poison will only operate as a sedative, a most excellent meditative one, the only consequence effect being a slight stupefaction at first. I knew well that on last I engaged you to some measure. I could not at this possession of your pocket-book without violence, and now shall I pass you out some of the sensitive?"

"Give it to me," I cried, with the instinct of self-preservation.

"Well, when you hand me out the pocket-book, the glad shall be yours."

"The pocket-book — villain! you shall not have it."

As I said this, I felt, or fancied I felt, the sympathies of a horrible stupefaction through my frame. there was a weird of dull, dream-like confusion in my head, a strange something in my ears, and my system, despite my efforts, weighed down at times with insane lassitude, the very agony which I vainly possessed me when I heard and believed I was poisoned had nothing of the activity and wakeful terror of health-like agony. It was a feeble fear, and giving to labor under the effects of some powerful narcotic.

"Fool!" snarled at Sarzil, "you must be aware that I shall survive by have the pocket-book now, who her you like it, whether you consent or no, you are rapidly becoming irresponsible and helpless Long you will be totally unconscious, and I shall now but little resistance, indeed, to shall of the pocket-book."

After this I distinctly remember how the whole scene became like a delirious history. I thought I felt suddenly grow back again to the warp period of the fever from whom I so recently rose. I owe a to the pocket-book, I think, and all I would have it, and then, when I should die he Sarzil, would at least get no benefit from it, but as I spoke I had hardly strength to rise from my seat. I did however, and tottered to the fire-place, but there close to it stood Sarzil, with the hare, cold pistol raised in his hand.

"Any disturbance—any attempt at disturbance, and your death shall be certain," he said.

I do not know what I answered, or whether I answered at all. I think I spoke, I think, however, and now that it was to all appearance dead, not a single glimmer appeared—that was only a pile of ruin dust and ashes. How I longed for a single spark that I might and bodily throw all my bank notes into it, and see them consumed—but I could not. I was beaten and then Sarzil would be disappointed of the money, though my life he might have. My first feeling was one of horror indifference to life; I thought I could die with ease, provided Sarzil were baulked in his expectations of obtaining the pocket-book. But how could it be removed from his grasp? Pardon making an I was, I thought on the matter until an entire incapacity of thinking and planning settled down on my brain. But what could I do? There was no with his murderous—I could not breathe without his seeing every respiration.

As the cool terrible weariness and drowsiness crept gradually over me, and something like the pressure of death came, a feeling of fear and dislike to the grave arose in me. Life suddenly seemed warm, bright, and delightful—a sensation happy season, which I had never been planning so passed to come into very existence around me with a most tempting brilliancy, which filled me with the powers of joy and deeper, within me. As I had known so little of happiness yet in life, I resented, and now that when I might be capable of gladdening others and myself, just now to die.

"Fool—fool, do you yet choose dying? Will you not swallow that? You will have money enough remaining after you give me my share—you will have enough for a thousands and, and you are young, and made for enjoying happiness."

Though I knew Sarzil must have uttered these words, yet even now as I recollect them, it seemed as if invisible spirits around me had spoken them, dressing my thoughts, and counseling me accordingly.

Next I recollect there was a deep, frightful silence; I heard no one stamp—no one cried—I saw striking—no voice speaking or calling—not one in distance. Had I been in the midst of a many people, noisy city, I could not believe that I was in London. I thought I had been carried away to some deep abyss, down, down below the surface of the living world, in the centre of the cold, voiceless earth, away far from all human society, with only one of the black spirits at evil guarding me. For some moments I fancied I was condemned for ever to that silence—that the eyes of Sarzil alone to look upon me without causing throughout all duration.

Afterwards a widely-different imagination possessed me with even stronger power. I thought I heard once vividly all the scenery connected with the solitary country place in the north of Ireland where I was—we might the sunrise view, the rocks and trees hanging over it, the very boat in which I had so often rowed with a well remembered oar—the rough, convivial-looking boatmen, the cries from the water, with the rock, lamentar, yellow fair, and the grass browning just as they used to do when I was a boy, before I had dreamed of leaving a leisure life in London—from the glare to the windows of my father's home there and quicker exactly as it always did in the beautiful summer seasons. I could have sworn that the whole scene was before me, but I was not going on it with the human beings I had ever known, but with a host of such creations as the disembodied may be supposed to experience that I now looked.

Musical sounds were also still present in chasing death in preference to life. Come, if it be not even yet too late for—come, come quickly, or you are safe and better than you were before—here I

My intellect had become so confused that I was barely conscious of the presence of Sarzil, and aware that he had come close to me, and holding a loathe almost to my face.

Again the strong feeling of immediate death came overpoweringly upon me, mingled with a vision of all those whom I loved; my relations and friends in ancient country, they came to my very mind, I thought, with intense, burial look for they seemed aware that I was dying—and there close, very close, was my mother's pale face and her sole were lost and mournful—her hands on my and and attached smile, from whom I had been raised, and who had striven to deeply interested in me, and so anxious to hear of my making a noise in the world, it was hanging over my shoulder, and he was weeping over me—I thought having returned—but there was such deep agony in his eyes that I would have given worlds to comfort him—but, more striking to me than any even of the I rose of my present position, was the sight of my young girl's face—the face of one I loved. She came close, very close to me; I thought, and laid her hand on my brow, and the contact of that hand was so warm and life-like, that death became still more hastily dark and repulsive.

At this period I think I had no remaining consciousness, in the way of reasoning, all my faculties were existing merely in the life of dreams, and sunset, therefore, state with any certainty what passed for many minutes or hours. All I knew—the kind of recollection of a glass being held to my lips, it must have been by Sarzil, and I drank with some relaxation with thirst, and the delicious draught, and then fell back on the sofa, much happier than I had been.

At last I awoke to perfect consciousness. I started up, wondering at first why I was there in a darkened room with Sarzil, and then memory came through the mixture. It took me some moments to remember my many visits to Sarzil's—my last night—my fear thought was to seek for my pocket-book—it was gone. Next I missed my watch; it was a rare and valuable one, and the sequence of loss of each was left in any of my pockets, as well as Sarzil possessed a considerable sum of money in gold.

I opened the shutters, and looked around: there were the glasses standing on the table precisely as they had been the night before—the silver spoon, and some other valuables, however, were now there.

A strange sensation of giddiness was in my head, and I felt as feeble as when first rising from my sick bed; but I was not apprehensive of danger, for I believed that I had got the top of the fever, and consciousness to me, not present, but some perfect sentiment of dignity, rising in order had he might pursue himself quietly or my carried pocket-book. I supposed that he had represented to me that he had gone to the house for the malignant purpose of frightening me. His story of the suicide he presumed I hastily believed. Though, on examining a glass which stood on the table close to the sofa, I found the remaining drops of some powerful but pleasant-flavored mixture, tasting somewhat like which I ever remembered to have previously tasted; this talked exactly with my dreamy recollections of the drought I had swallowed, and I knew not what to think.

The house seemed altogether deserted as I walked out of the back parlor, the door of which was now unfastened. But a sound of life was heard in any direction. I opened the front door, and discovered that it was far past noon.

I gave immediate information respecting Sarzil, and a vigilant search was immediately instituted; but not a trace either of him or his wife could be found, and I have never since seen or heard of them.

I have never since been even able to open a pocket-book containing bank notes, without the vision of Sarzil arising for a moment before me, as if to claim his part. So particularly has this idea possessed me, that withdrawing any effects to rest it from my mind, that I have sometimes been almost afraid to open a pocket-book in the presence of dread, and that his spirit, still desirous to look for the last note money which is now lying in what is left of his hands perpetually every place where pocket-books and bank notes appear. I would often have given worlds to have had the power of destroying Sarzil's pocket-book, but I was unable to get out of the fixed impressions of him which are in our mind.

The World Abroad.

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LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. VII.

ITALY.

(CONTINUED.)

GREECE AND TURKEY.

The lecturer said there were two or three things in relation to the Papacy that he would mention. Just before the year 1700 there was a Jubilee every fifty, as the Catholics did, down to Pius IX.—There had been 19 of the name of Pope—and 1 antipope! vacancies. The present was not the first 31 one in which there was no Pope. Once in the Papacy, at least one time of them, were absent from Rome for 70 years. This was called the "Babylonish Captivity," when the Popes resided at Avignon, in France, and another in Italy. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Usher, wrote a book on each Century. The Popes were elected by the Cardinals. Sometimes all of them were Italians. There ought to be 72 in the College of Cardinals. Germans had been elected, and only one English—the Reverend Nicholas Pulham. There are 4 Greek Cardinals, the Popes had been Kings. The people of Rome now, 1 in 10 are Jews. They have anything to do with temporal affairs—only spiritual. They wished a Republic; but the Pope brought the Catholic Emperor of Europe would insist on a Pope with temporal power.

The population of Turkey proper is 16,000,000 square miles—Greece 10 000 000—and they ought to have a greater population, but had been at the British Government after the Crimean war appointment of the Governor General, and officers. The population of these Islands is about 170,000.—Cyprus, and Candia, and Rhodes, and Samothrace, and Lesbos, and Scio, and Patmos, and Ipsara, and Greek women. Any thing can be done in Turkey to spread the Protestant religion. Many of the Turks seem delighted with Christianity. Friday is the Sabbath of the Mahometans, and in Turkey proper is the city of Mecca—a priest going up into a tower and calling to the people, as the Muezzin does in Cairo, which are located and sold. Mecca, and calls aloud—"God is God, and Mahomet is His Prophet. Come to worship, ye faithful." At public worship, men, and not women, are admitted, and they take off their shoes at the entrance of the Mosque. There are piled up in rows against the wall. But rich people go in carriages, and the Sultan himself rides in his chair to the worship. All bow down, until their foreheads touch the ground. Then, as they repeat the priest, they rise up and form in rows—or another signal they squat down. The priest, or who reads, also rises into a taller on a platform, and calls to them. But and Turks go at other times than Friday to worship. The Turkish Sabbath is Sunday—God is God. God is great. He is neither Father nor Son—neither begets nor is begotten. The Mahometans attach much to the Virgin Mary. The lecturer thought his brother would visit Turkey. The sacred was horrible. The lecturer thought his brother would visit it. Many other countries. He mentioned that those Dervishes are domiciliarily possessed of the Mahometanism of the Turks, and they are sense of their success. Ramadan and Bairam are dangerous to the Greeks, who are sometimes killed. Ramadan here that the Turks keep the moon in quent subjection, France will be compelled to their power, the period is let perishably weak. It is a month of fasting. Bairam is three days. The Turks are very ignorant. The schools are very few; but the Government is going to establish Mohammedan schools. Many of the Turks call Europeans—whereas the masses are now sent into the Asiatic countries. There are some of the Turks in Asia Minor—but they find learning and languages difficult—different. Nothing is so encouraging, as the fact that many of the Greeks and other knowledge on their fathers before them. They have 4000 schools. Mr. Hill, from the United States, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. Arnold, a Baptist Minister at Prague, have also done much good. The 400 schools are well attended; but they have miserable school houses. The children are squalid and ragged, and they go with two or three dried figs and a bit of brown bread for their dinner. They put up in a rag. They are very desirous of books and clothes. In the higher science things are better; and there are four Gymnasia in Greece, like our Colleges—one at Athens, one at Corfu, one in the island of Syra, and one in that at Nauplo. There is an University at Athens, for which rich Greeks abroad have made liberal gifts. For last 1000 to the University, and another $100,000 to the schools. A rich Greek left $400 000 to the University, and $100,000 for a library. There are many distinguished Professors in the University. Mr. Hill is a member of the Board of Foreign Missions, and there are 150 students. At Athens, there are 3 Protestant churches and schools. In the University, there is lectures on history or political economy, and on Natural Science. They have in Greece 34 newspapers, 18 of which are published in Athens. One is in French—some in Greek. They are political, and small circulation and much read. The religion of the people of Greek Church, and is the same as that of the Russians, in France, and another in Italy. The Protestants have Bishops, Archbishops, as in the early Centuries

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1849.

CALIFORNIA.

The California steamers which reached Panama on the 5th, brought $350,000 in gold for the United States. Their arrival was hailed with joy by the crowds at Panama.

Lieutenant Beale, just arrived from California by way of Panama, brings with him a lump of pure gold, weighing eighty ounces, and worth nearly $1,500. He speaks in high terms of the order maintained at the placers, as well as in other parts of California.

Mr. Parrot, American Consul at Mazatlan, who also recently arrived at New York, confirms the account of the abundance of gold and silver, and also tells of a rough diamond about the size of a hen's egg, rubies, and emeralds of a large size being found. He says that nearly the whole of Captain Sutter's 40,000 bushels of grain rotted in the field, for want of hands to harvest it. The price of flour at the diggings when Mr. Parrot left was $3 per lb., though at San Francisco it was down to $10 per bbl. There was not much sickness at the diggings except scurvy and a few cases of fever.—There was also some scurvy at San Francisco, owing to the want of vegetable food, the cultivation of the soil being entirely neglected.

He says that the ruling idea of the country is the wealth so unexpectedly opened to it. Government is scarcely thought of; all other interests are swallowed up in this absorbing mania for gold. A Convention has been called to meet in August, for the purpose of effecting a political organization, but it will not be able to do much. There has been considerable complaint among the inhabitants that the laws of the United States have not yet been extended over them. They are, however, too strongly bent on digging to take the trouble of forming a Constitution of their own. Gen. Smith is unsupported by any military force, and can do nothing at present.

In the gold districts a tacit system of individual right has been agreed upon, and is preserved with the most honorable exactness. Each man who enters upon new ground, has the privilege of marking out eight yards square and digging upon it so long as he chooses; his premises are never invaded. He is at liberty to dispose of his right either by sale or lease, or drop it entirely and try a new locality. The sense of justice among the miners has thus far prevented all trouble or dispute.

The moral effect of a general enrichment of the whole population, is worthy of notice. In the absence of all law except such as is administered by the Alcaldes, hundreds of persons have voluntarily discharged debts contracted many years ago, and which their creditors in many cases had given up as hopeless. A man who is industrious and temperate has no difficulty in obtaining credit to a large amount.

Mr. Parrott brings, among other curiosities, an ear of corn from the Sierra Nevada, 9,000 feet above the sea. It was about four inches long, but the grains were upward of an inch in length. This corn is said to yield remarkable crops, and its cultivation in this country is worth a trial. Some years ago Mr. Parrot was offered the whole of the ground now occupied by San Francisco for about $4,000.

Mr. Parrott considers the introduction of Slavery into California as an impossibility, from the nature of the case. The inhabitants are all strongly opposed to it, and no man taking slaves with him would be able to keep them long. He is of the opinion that the territory must of necessity become a free State, with or without the action of Congress.

A quantity of gold dust, worth about $6,000, brought to Norfolk from California, by the Razee Independence, has been sent to the Philadelphia Mint. The Mobile Tribune, on the authority of a letter from Panama, April 25th, announces the arrival of the British mail steamer there the day previous from Callao, and says that she has on board forty tons of specie. About two hundred mules have been loaded with her freight to be taken to Chagres.

The gold is thus really beginning to come, and prudent, cautious people are beginning to believe more and more every day in California.

THE ROMANS TO THE FRENCH.

The following is the proclamation addressed by the Roman Government to the French who invaded their territories:

"Frenchmen, your ancestors brought us liberty, but you bring us slavery. In destroying the Roman Republic you will destroy your own. Oh, shame! You stood by during the misfortune of Lombardy. You had not a word of consolation for the fall of Piedmont. Your venal writers calumniate the heroic efforts of Hungary.

"On this very day, with an impudent mockery, you come to destroy Roman liberty. Are you indeed soldiers? If you are, choose a foe worthy of your courage. Do not come to defy the rising strength of a petty State. If you wish to combat against Republican arms, cease to be Republicans yourselves! Frenchmen, answer truly, whom do you wish to restore to power? Are they the priests? That hereditary race who have caused so much blood to flow, and occasioned so many woes to France herself? Study your own history and you will see what you are about to do for us. We have an implacable hatred of sacerdotal domination. You wish to impose it on us by force. You are about to place us on a level with the Chinese. Frenchmen! before undertaking a detestable work, ask of the sky above you, and it will answer that it has been polluted by sacerdotal iniquities in all ages. Ask your youth and our women, and learn an uninterrupted tale of seduction, of debauchery and of venality. Ask of our farmers for whom they have labored. They will answer for the priests! Ask to whom belongs the fifth part of the State. To the priests! Ask to whom belong the most luxurious abodes—for whom are the most exquisite delicacies—and who are those obeyed by thousands of menials. The reply will still be—the priests! the priests! Frenchmen, your mission is the work of hell!"

THE NEW YORK RIOT.

Mike Walsh, who ought to know, publishes the following among other statements, respecting the New York Riot, in the Sunday Dispatch of that city:

"The disgraceful riot in the Astor Place Opera House, on the Monday night preceding the massacre, was got up by a vile set of miscreants who were paid for it. Not a *solitary individual* participated in the dastardly outrage, save those who were employed for the express purpose, by a notorious wretch, whose only three traits of character are, impudence, cowardice and depravity. He had money, and plenty of it too, which, after secretly deducting (as has ever been his invariable custom in such cases) the lion's share for himself, he used during a whole week or ten days, in purchasing hirelings for that night's outrage. It may, perhaps, be a pretty difficult thing to prove positively and directly the source from which he obtained that money. *To guess it is the easiest thing imaginable*, though it is not very likely the guilty parties would be more ready in confessing their guilt, than more artless and less culpable criminals. Neither he nor the hireling ruffians whom the miserable male procurer purchased for the evening, care a straw, or ever did, about the private griefs or interests of anybody, beyond the mere dollars and cents which they can realize out of the matter."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 138—adults 59, and children 79.

Miscellaneous.

MEANS OF IMPROVING THE PRIVATE AND PUBLIC HYGEINE, AND PREVENTING THE CHOLERA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29, 1849.
Laboratory, 217 Arch street.

GENTLEMEN:—As the Cholera is, doubtless, approaching us, I take the liberty of intruding upon your columns to respectfully suggest, for the general good, certain effectual means of improving the private and public hygeine, and thus, of restricting the pestilential effects of the scourge.

Cholera has generally been considered an infectious but not a contagious disease. It is possible, however, that this may often be a distinction without a difference. The term *contagion* is usually applied to the property which secretions or emanations from a diseased person have, of imparting the same affection to another person exposed to contact with the body, or to the respiration of the air surrounding it. *Infection*, on the other hand, comprises all those cases of disease produced by a general influence pervading the atmosphere, but not proceeding, directly, from a diseased subject. This general influence, however, may have been, originally, called into action by what would be, under ordinary circumstances, only a source of contagion. Thus a contagious disease, by operating upon a confined and putrid atmosphere, may produce such a change or catalysis in the elements of that atmosphere, as to give rise to an infection—so called because of its general character—and the power of influencing even those who are not in direct contact with the diseased.

In the same way, a disease, not originally contagious, may acquire the power of developing a poisonous condition of atmosphere in places contiguous, especially if the air has already been vitiated; as is often the case in hospitals, steamboats, hotels, in confined and ill ventilated houses, and in the filthy streets and alleys of large towns. This, then, is very probably the mode in which an epidemic, and especially the cholera, receives a sudden increase in diffusive power, and becomes apparently a well marked contagion. Such views of the origin of this disease are important, not only as means of reconciling the discrepancy of opposite statements—contagion and infection—but as furnishing an indication of the mode of isolating cases of cholera, and preventing a local from becoming a general disease. It is evident that this indication is to remove from the air the vitiated portion, the miasm, which is, so to speak, the nourishment, the *pabulum*, by which the disease thrives and grows in strength and extent of grasp.

The agencies productive of foul air are various, but the prime source is the putrefaction of organic matters. This foul air or miasm consists chiefly of highly organized molecules and of mephitic gases, which, coming in contact with the animal poison emanating from and surrounding the living or dead cholera subjects or their apparel, acquire the properties of the disease by its catalytic or fermenting influence, and finally contaminate the purer air in the vicinity. In this manner the whole atmosphere is polluted by a very limited quantity of poisonous leaven.

When animal and vegetable matters are exposed for a certain time to heat, air and moisture, putrefactive decomposition takes place, attended by the evolution of such products as carbonic acid, water, sulphuretted hydrogen, hydro-sulphuret of ammonia, accompanied in very many cases by large quantities of animalculæ. Of these products, the last three are probably those which effectively promote disease. In hot weather, they always exist, to a greater or less extent, in the air of confined places, but they are especially generated in cities by the neglect and filth of the lower classes of the poor—by imperfect drainage, by the accumulation of kitchen offal, personal filth, and stagnant water, and by the stacking of putrescent matters in the streets.

To divest the miasm of its poison, therefore, its constituents must be acted upon by chemical agents, so that by transformation into new compounds, it may be rendered innocuous. The agents employed for this purpose are termed *disinfectants*, but as all have not the same influence, over the ferment which promotes infectious disease, as upon the emanations of putrescent matter, such a one must be selected as is appropriate in both respects. Of all that are known those which gradually evolve CHLORINE are the best. This substance decomposes the noxious gases by forming with them new compounds, and, by combining with the organic molecules, modifies or wholly alters their nature.

Some volatile and empyreumatic oils, kreosote, &c., probably have similar effects, and partly to this power, perhaps, and to the effect of fires in producing currents of air, and thus of dissipating and diluting noxious vapors, may be attributed the comparative exemption from the cholera of those portions of St. Louis, in which tar was kept burning—this substance when heated giving off much empyreuma. So likewise, the smoky city of Pittsburg, has, by reason of its large number of coal-consuming factories, enjoyed almost entire immunity from the disease. Chlorine, however, as before said, is the most effectual; and for complete disinfection its evolution should be constant, but in limited amount. The best forms are now admitted by chemists to be "Labarreque's Chlorinated Soda," and "Fisher & Hartshorne's Disinfecting and Antiseptic Liquid."

The latter has the advantage over the former of containing an ingredient which absorbs mephitic gases, in addition to its destructive power over the organic poison or ferment. The use of chlorine should, therefore, be general during the prevalence of the cholera, for its efficacy depends mainly upon its continued action. Exposure of small quantities in tea saucers will suffice for parlors and sleeping-rooms, as the carbonic acid of the air will eliminate the chlorine fast enough; but in sick-chambers, churches, schools, hotels, hospitals, jails and crowded apartments, the evolution of the chlorine must be hastened by a stronger acid. The mode of effecting this is applicable to the preceding or to any other chlorinated liquids. The accompanying drawing exhibits the arrangement of the apparatus contrived by Scanlan.

A and B are two common bottles of equal size, one containing the chlorinated disinfectant, and the other dilute sulphuric acid. The cork in each bottle has two perforations for the passage of two tubes, one for the admission of air and the other for the exit of the contained liquid. The bores of these tubes need not exceed 1-16 of an inch. The bottles, being charged nearly to fullness with their respective liquids, are inverted upon a wooden support, C, and immediately over a shallow pan, D. As the two liquids drop into the pan, they mingle and are decomposed; and chlorine, being the volatile product of this reaction, arises into the air as fast as it is generated. This arrangement is very efficacious and at the same time prevents an evolution rapid enough to disturb personal comfort. Two or more of these apparatus are required for a large room.

In all cases, the bed clothes and apparel of the cholera patient should be saturated with disinfecting liquid, before they are given to the laundress.

Burnet's and Ledoyen's liquids—the first a solution of chloride of zinc, and the second, of nitrate of lead—are efficacious in retarding putrefaction and neutralizing offensive odors; but their nullifying power does not extend to organic miasmata in the transition state. Moreover, Ledoyen's liquid produces an indelible black stain of sulphuret of lead, and either of the latter are more poisonous than the two first mentioned.

To sum up, therefore, a strict observance of the following precautions will accomplish much in preventing the attack and dissemination of cholera:—

1st. During the prevalence of the disease, and at all times when the presence of noxious vapors is suspected, keep up a constant evolution of chlorine from disinfecting fluid—and if it be impossible to remove the offending materials, as in the case of sinks and out-houses, neutralize and correct the effluvia, by the daily addition of disinfecting powder to the substance which gives rise to them. This powder should consist of charcoal dust, dried copperas (*neutral* per sulphate of iron) and ground plaster. An ounce suffices for the daily excreta of each individual. This process subserves the cause of general health and of agriculture simultaneously, for the excrements thus treated become manure of eminently fertilizing power.

2nd. Assist the action of the chlorine in apartments, by thorough ventilation. This is to be accomplished by keeping the windows open during sunshine hours.

The above directions are applicable to individual health, and when conjoined with the avoidance of unhealthy diet, with personal cleanliness, proper clothing, and attention to the removal of personal filth, and all such matters in and near our dwellings which may generate noxious effluvia, comprise much that may be done by individuals for their own safety and for the prevention of the attack and spread of the disease. It is not my intention to refer to general means, to be adopted by public bodies for the same purpose, which come under the designation of *public hygeine*. It is to be supposed that an efficient Board of Health and Municipal Executive will enforce the well known means of insuring cleanliness of thoroughfares, by washing and draining the gutters, removing filth and garbage, and disinfecting the streets and lanes with caustic lime and chloride of lime. Timely attention to precautions above recommended, it is believed, would have averted much of the sickness from which our Southern and Western cities are now suffering.

The theory of the action of chlorine which I have stated is undoubtedly correct; and in Europe, where such suggestions have been amply carried into effect, the best medical and chemical testimony is not wanting to substantiate the fact that disinfection by chlorine has almost always given exemption from cholera to the residents of dwellings in which it was employed.

Yours respectfully,
CAMPBELL MORFIT,
Analytic and Consulting Chemist.

VALUE OF A CLERKSHIP.

One of the editors of the Day-Book, formerly a practical merchant, and one who has had a *wide* experience as a merchant's clerk, reads a homily to young men anxious to "get into business for themselves and become rich," well worth remembering:—"There are but few clerks who have any idea of the value of a clerkship in a New York jobbing house. Most of them look upon it as worthless, as far as mere salary is concerned, and content themselves with their situations only because they suppose that in a few years they will be able to get into business for themselves and become rich, and be, in a measure, compensated for their past services. There are not, probably, ten clerks in New York who think they are doing better on the small salary they are receiving than they ever will do in business for themselves. And there are not ten who ever will do half as well in business for themselves as they are doing with their salary. During the last twelve years the writer has been acquainted with more than four hundred dry-goods clerks in this city; he cannot find ten of the number now in successful business. One in fifty is a fair estimate of the number of clerks that succeed in business for themselves. A clerk who will commence on a salary of six hundred dollars a year at the age of twenty-one, with a merchant having a capital of twenty thousand dollars, and save out of his salary two hundred dollars a year, and lend it to his employer at seven per cent., on his note at six months—add the interest to the principal when the note is paid—and lend it again, and so receiving his interest semi-annually and re-investing it—will, at the age of forty, have possessed himself of a large share of his employer's profits."

OPODELDOC.—White Castile soap, cut very small, 2 lbs; camphor 5 oz; oil of rosemary 1 oz; oil of origanum 2 oz; rectified spirits 1 gallon; dissolve in a corn bottle by the heat of a water bath, and when considerably cooled, strain; add liquor of ammonia 11 oz; immediately put it into bottles, cork close, and tie over with bladder.

☞ The greater part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

IS THERE A FATHER MATHEW?

A recent number of the Boston Transcript contains the following good-humored hit at the Irish Apostle of Temperance:

MR. EDITOR—Your notice of Father Mathew in last evening's Transcript produced quite a sensation in my family. You must know that my wife is one of the Vice Presidents of the North End Branch of the Grand Martha Washington Female Temperance Society, and, I must say, devotes an extraordinary proportion of her time to its interests. Well, sir, as Mrs. Pips was reading the Transcript last evening, she suddenly looked up and exclaimed, "Mr. Pips, you must stop the Transcript—it doesn't believe in Father Mathew!" Thinks I to myself, then the Transcript believes just as I do—but I didn't say so, for the fear of the effect upon Mrs. Pips just at that time.

Ever since last February I have believed the existence of Father Mathew to be a regular humbug. Why, sir, Mrs. Pips has cut from the newspapers everything that she has seen about the reverend gentleman, and upon consulting the Family Receipt Book, in which she pastes all these elegant extracts, I find that since January, 1847, somebody purporting to be Father Mathew had accepted forty-seven different invitations to visit the United States the "ensuing season," that he has, at various times, agreed to accompany nineteen different captains of packet ships, who have generously offered him a free passage, and that he has written fifty-three letters to individuals in all possible parts of the Union, announcing his determination to embark for New York or Boston early the next month. The number of sudden illnesses, also, to which he has been subject is truly melancholy to think of, and would have caused the death of an ordinary man long ago.

A year ago last February, Mrs. Pips came home from a meeting of her favorite society in a state of considerable excitement, and said that she must have a new silk dress, for that Father Mathew was expected in the next steamer, and that she must call upon him with a delegation of her sisters in the cause. So for two days nothing was talked of but silks, flounces, and Father Mathew.

At last, after a deluge of striped, and spotted, and plaided patterns, a handsome plaid silk was bought. Then she went to work and made any number of mince-pies with "WELCOME, FATHER MATHEW," in letters of paste, upon the upper crust. These were to be consumed at the great tea-party demonstration, to be given by these amiable females in honor of the gentleman's arrival. Next, my third daughter was taught an address in rhyme, to be recited to the Apostle on his entrance into the room.

Months went by, but no Father Mathew came. The pies moulded, and were thrown away. Mrs. Pips's silk dress has got somewhat out of fashion, and Lucinda has forgotten the poetical address—and it takes more credulity than I possess to help believing that this Father Mathew is a nonentity, and that the whole matter is the result of a grand conspiracy, got up by the large dailies composing "the combined press," for the purpose of filling their columns.

I suppose that when Mrs. Pips sees this article, I shall "catch it" to the fullest extent, both from herself, and the government of the North End Branch, but I think it high time that this worn-out humbug should be exploded. If anybody, pretending to be this everlasting Father Mathew, should come over, I shall believe him to be some Irish chap got up in the emergency expressly for the occasion, and shall maintain, in spite of all the Martha Washingtonians that ever drank tea, that there really is no such man.

Your humble servant,
SEBASTIAN PIPS.

Boston Transcript.

CALIFORNIA GRAMMAR.—Wm. E. Morford has written a letter from San Francisco, in which he says:—

"I have acquired considerable Spanish, for I can assure you that when your subsistence depends upon your speaking that language, you will soon jumble together enough to indicate what you want. I have found that a Spanish girl is the best grammar in the world; and since my arrival in town, I have been—*studying grammar*."

Clippings.

Ann to her spouse could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when he died;
His life had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried.

☞ Whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

☞ "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed out a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano.

"You're afloat, eh?" growled an old sea dog, "I should judge you was afloat by the *squall* you raise!"

☞ A young man relating the account of a disaster that happened on board a smack, where he happened to be, said, "while he was climbing up the long stick of wood in front of the vessel, he got tangled in the twine."

☞ One drop of sweet oil (table oil,) will instantly kill a common house fly, as soon as it touches his body. The oil spreads at once and closes all the pores—through the pores the fly draws its breath.

☞ "Sir, I intend to raise your rent," said a landlord to a tenant; to whom the latter replied, "I am much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

☞ A trader from the country a few days since, while making his Spring purchases in a wholesale store in the vicinity of Milk Street, was asked, among a host of other things, if he didn't want some *half-mourning* prints. "Wall," says he, "I rather guess I do; the folks up our way are *just about half dead* these days."

☞ The Spirit of the Times is surprised that Forrest should make his theatrical appearance in Philadelphia, at this juncture. Thousands are surprised that he should make his appearance anywhere, in or out of a theatre; while other thousands would not be surprised, after recent events, at anything he might do—so variant is the public sentiment.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ The poet, Moore, letters from London state, "is now dead to the world—as a softening of the brain has commenced, and his memory is completely gone."

☞ A single house in Charleston has shipped from that port, within the past year, *two thousand seven hundred and ten bales* of yarns, osnaburgs, sheetings, &c., manufactured in the States of Georgia and South Carolina. The shipments were made to various ports of the Union.

☞ In the State of Georgia, there are, according to the Savannah Republican, already *fifty cotton manufactories*, running from 100 to 10,000 spindles each. Several large flouring establishments have also been put in operation.

☞ George Washington Lafayette, as is well known, is a member of the French Assembly. He is known as "the Patriarch," from the fact that he is the head of a family which is said to furnish the Assembly with eleven representatives.

☞ At the express desire of the authorities of Galway, Ireland, the soldiers of the 68th regiment of foot, fired twenty rounds of blank cartridge in the square, for the purpose of purifying the air, and thus checking the spread of cholera.

☞ All the furniture, bijouterie, &c., belonging to the Countess of Blessington, at Gore House, London, is being sold, her ladyship having left to reside in Paris.

☞ At the Polytechnic Institution in London is exhibited one pound of glass, spun by steam into four thousand miles, and woven with silk into beautiful dresses and tapestry.

☞ In several districts of Portugal wine is now selling at the rate of 1½ per gallon, and even at that price purchasers are found with difficulty.

☞ The author of "Harry Franco" says:—"I have always observed that your bold, dashing women are fond of a turban, and I do not remember that I ever met with a modest retiring woman with one on her head."

☞ A husband and wife travelling through the woods in haste, met with a melancholy accident, which is recorded in the following felicitous strains:

"And while retreating through the woods,
And through the tangled fern,
He tore his must'nt-mention-'ems,
And had to put on her'n."

☞ "A disciple of Spurzheim," says the Gateshead Observer, "was lately trying his hand upon the cranium of a newly-married lady, and came to a large development of Philoprogenitiveness, 'You are passionately fond of children,' said he. As quick as thought she exclaimed,—'How many?'"

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS.—Hon. George P. Marsh, of Vermont, has been appointed by the President Minister Resident at Constantinople, in the place of D. S. Carr, recalled. Dr. Thomas M. Foote, of Buffalo, New York, has been appointed Charge d'Affairs to Bogota, in the place of B. A. Bidlack, deceased. The Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, of Ohio, has been appointed first Comptroller of the Treasury. Mr. Frederick G. Skinner, of Maryland, has been appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to the sub-bureau in the Patent Office, charged with the collection and digest of agricultural and other statistics. Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Esq., has been appointed to a place in the Consular Branch of the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Charles F. Hoffman, Esq., has been appointed to a respectable position in the Department of State.

VERMONT.—The Democratic and Free Soil Conventions of Vermont have united upon one ticket for State officers.

General News.

CHOLERA.

The following table, which is from a work published some years ago by Mr. Tanner, will no doubt be acceptable to our readers. The first column shows the time of the commencement of the disease—the second the number of cases—the third the number of deaths—and the last its continuance at each place:

PLACES.	DATE.	CASES.	DEATHS.	DAYS.
New York,	July 3	6079	2214	59
Quebec,	June 8	3783	2000	86
Montreal,	June 9	4083	1844	85
Philadelphia,	June 27	2282	746	43
*Baltimore,	Aug. 10	—	649	41
Albany,	July 3	1144	408	61
Norfolk,	July 24	—	405	40
Brooklyn,	July 11	457	191	69
Portsmouth, Virginia,	July 24	394	185	38
Utica,	Aug. 12	461	177	27
York, Canada,	June 24	409	173	62
*Washington,	Aug. 7	669	68	31
Buffalo,	July 15	343	144	55
Rochester,	July 23	420	135	48
Poughkeepsie,	Aug. 3	212	103	28
Kingston, Canada,	June 20	202	91	72
Bergen, New Jersey,	July 15	257	80	56
Caughnawaga,	June 13	225	68	33
Newark,	July 6	143	64	56
Sing Sing,	July 17	281	162	50
Ogdensburg,	June 18	153	49	62
New Brunswick,	July 14	174	42	47
*Richmond,	Sept 7	81	40	15
Wilmington, Del.,	Aug 7	87	38	24
*Boston,	Aug. 15	26	24	50
New Haven,	July 11	44	17	50

The disease continued to prevail, though in a mitigated form, at the places marked (*), when this table was prepared.

SEWING MACHINES.—We yesterday witnessed the operation of a new Sewing Machine—Newell's improvement on Mauray & Johnson's Patent—which has just been put in operation at the Sewing Factory, in Platt Street. On turning a crank with one hand the machine sews seams of any length and any desired curve. The stitches are perfectly even and tight, and may be taken of any length. The work to be sewed is fastened in a sliding frame, and gauged so that the needle shall strike the point of commencing the seam. The eye of the needle is near the point, and as it pierces the material the thread is carried through and caught by a hook, which holds it till the second stitch is made. It then drops the first taking up the second and bringing it through it, so that each stitch is looped upon the one behind it, the whole forming an interlinked chain. At the Factory there are several machines, most of them employed in making salt bags. About 15,000 are manufactured daily for the Salt Works in this State. One machine will make from 800 to 1,000 bags per day.—*Tribune.*

NEW PATENT WIND SHOT TOWER.—Messrs. Leroy & Co., Water Street, New York, are now making shot by the new plan, which obviates the necessity of having the great height hitherto indispensable for dropping shot, as the height of an ordinary three story store, with a trifling outlay, is all that is required to manufacture better shot than can be made in the high towers. The Evening Post says—

"Our readers have, perhaps, seen a pea suspended in a current of air blown upwards from a pipe stem, or a small ball of marble hanging in the midst of a perpendicular jet from a fountain. The principle is applied to the making of shot. A current of air is forced upwards in a flue, and thus retards the shot as it falls from above and cools it, without making it necessary that it should drop from any great height. A tower of moderate height answers the purpose; formerly it might have cost $80,000 to build a shot tower, now, we are told, one may be built for an eighth part of the sum, and the process of manufacture is greatly cheaper."

SINGULAR CASE.—The Rev. Pierre Connelly, Chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seceded from the Church of Rome. The circumstances connected with this case are very curious. Connelly married a Philadelphia lady in 1837, and he took orders in the Episcopal Church. He and his wife visited Rome, where they became Catholics, separated and took vows of celibacy. The Rev. Mr. Connelly next became Chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and came over to England. Mrs. Connelly left her Convent, also to come to England and take charge of a religious establishment. Mr. Connelly then sought to have an interview with his wife, which she refused. He complained of her refusal to some of the dignitaries, and got nothing by that motion—so he has filed a bill for a restitution of conjugal rights, and has renounced the Roman Church.—*New York Evening Post.*

PAYING DUTIES WITH BIBLES.—An American Missionary recently entered a box of Bibles at the Custom House at Constantinople, valuing them at a certain amount; but the Turkish officials, who are in the practice of affixing a sliding scale of valuation to suit themselves, regardless of invoices or oaths of importers, appraised the Bibles at double the value placed upon them by the Missionary, and demanded the *ad valorem* duty of five per cent., on their valuation. In this dilemma, the Missionary availed himself of a regulation of the Turkish law, which permits duties to be paid in kind, and paid them in Bibles, five out of every hundred. After that he had no more trouble. He paid what duty he liked. They wanted no more Bibles.—*Inquirer.*

ESCAPE OF A CONVICT WIFE IN HER HUSBAND'S ATTIRE.—A Mrs. McAdams was a few weeks since convicted of the crime of murder before the Circuit Court of Madison county, Mississippi. Her husband was allowed to visit her in prison, frequently, and at last dressed her in a suit of his own clothes, by means of which she effected a passage from the prison. She was traced as far as Vicksburg, where she took passage in a steamboat, and, from the last accounts, had not been arrested. This is reversing the romantic old story which has been so often quoted as an instance of female devotion.

ARBITRATION.—The American Peace Society has passed unanimously the following vote:—"That the Hon. Jude Jay, of New York, President, the Hon. Isaac Collins, of Philadelphia, Vice President, and the Rev. Charles Brooks, of Boston, Chairman of the Executive Committee, be a delegation to wait on the President of the United States, to urge on him the expediency and importance of inserting the arbitration clause into all our future treaties with foreign nations."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The Boston Post states that Mr. Daniel Ayre, of Lowell, is about to pay upwards of $6,000 of debts from which he was discharged upon his failure some years ago, and that he designs giving his former creditors an elegant supper on the occasion. The sum covers principal and interest in full.

A HEROINE.—In a recent attack of the Apache Indians, on the city of Banavichi, in Mexico, Donna Anna Maria Carella, a lady belonging to one of the principal families of the ancient Capital of Arizpe, flung herself into the flames of a burning house, when pursued by the savages, heroically preferring death to dishonor.

BRAZILIAN WOMEN.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Rio Janeiro, says we can form no conception of the extreme ugliness of the Brazilian women. He is tired and sick of looking at them. The men, if possible, are still more homely.

THE RICHMOND ABDUCTION CASE.—The examination of S. A. Smith, charged with boxing up two slaves, for transportation to the North, took place at Richmond on Saturday week, and resulted in his being sent on for trial to the Superior Court, in October.

☞ A petition was lately got up in one of the Districts of Canada, and forwarded to England by Sir Allan McNab, containing 7,674 signatures, and measuring 240 feet, double columns.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 2.

The range for Western Flour is much the same as before the arrival of the Niagara, though the business is scarcely so good in consequence of the non receipt of the letter mail, which has not arrived up the present writing. There is a fair demand for the Eastern trade, and some inquiry for shipping to fill up, though shippers were generally inclined to wait the private advices before operating. [illegible] ... Meal nothing transpired. Quercitron is steady ... $35.50, with sales of 300 bbls.

COTTON.—The market has not yet opened; some small sales, however, have been reported at a decline.

GRAIN.—The market is firm for Wheat, but the transactions are moderate. A sale was reported but not authenticated. Rye, about 6,000 bushels sold at 58 a 58c delivered; Oats remain without change, and are quoted at 34a 35c for Northern. In Corn the business is but small, operators preferring to wait for their letters. Total sales of the day do not exceed 10,000 bushels at 5 a 56c for damaged Western and Southern, and heated New Orleans; 64c for Southern yellow, to fill up, and 61 a 64c for round yellow.

PROVISIONS.—For immediate delivery there is but little doing in Ohio Pork, and the sales are but 250 bbls at $9.84 a 10 for Mess, and $8.75 for prime, for future delivery 2,000 bbls delivered in 60 or 90 days, sellers' option, at $10.37. Beef is rather heavy, and the sales are but moderate. Cut meats are in fair demand with sales of 250 hhds and tierces Hams and Shoulders at 4½ a 5 cts, and 150 tierces pickled Hams at [illegible]. Lard moved to the extent of 200 bbls in lots at 6 a 6⅝c. The demand is only for the supply of the trade.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—The offerings of beef cattle for the week were about 1500 head. Of these 600 were driven to New York, and the remainder sold at prices ranging from $7.50 to $8.25 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were about 600 in the market, and sold from $5 to $5.75 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 sold as follows—$25 to $40 for fresh, $15 to $25 for springers, $8 to $15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to $4, the latter from $1 to $3.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Offered 1,300 Beeves, all Southern; 300 Cows and Calves and 3,000 Sheep and Lambs. The warm weather has naturally a depressing influence on the market, which was duller today than for some time past. Sales at from 7½ to 9c per lb. 200 head driven to Brighton, and 100 left over unsold. Cows and Calves are in fair supply, though the demand is hardly active enough to clear the market—from 30 to 40 head remaining over unsold. Sales of Cows at from $20 to $35 a $35. Calves at from 4 to 4½c per lb. or $3 to $3.50 per head. All sold. Sheep sold at from $1 to $3.50, $4 a $5, as in quality. Left over 50. Lambs, all taken at $4.50 to $4.50 a $4.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, E. S. Jones, Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

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CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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ALMANAC.

June, 1849.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
9 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	4 48	D. H. M.
10 Sunday,	4 37	7 23	5 38	
11 Monday,	4 36	7 24	6 4	
12 Tuesday,	4 36	7 24	7 10	
13 Wednesday,	4 36	7 24	8 7	Full 5 5 27
14 Thursday,	4 36	7 24	8 40	Last 13 5 23
15 Friday,	4 35	7 25	9 31	New 20 9 12
16 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	10 45	First 25 5 40

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May 27,	59	59	61
28,	63	63	64
29,	59	60	60
30,	58	60	61
31,	62	65	71
June 1,	65	75	83
2,	67	77	85

Marriages.

On the 22d ult., by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM SMYTH, to Miss SOPHIA E. ELSEGOOD, all of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. G. WASHINGTON BAXTER, to Miss MARY W. S. N. DENNIS, daughter of Wm. Sanderson, Esq. all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, THEOPHILUS E. HOWES, of Salem, N. J. to Miss CAROLINE F. SAVEY, of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. William Sterrett, Mr. ROBERT STEVENSON, to MARTHA J. ARMSTRONG, both of Kensington.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles Ely, EDMUND PAYNE, to Miss ELIZABETH LINDSAY, all of Philadelphia.

At New York, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Doctor Studdiford, Dr. JOSIAH SIMPSON, U. S. Army, to HARRIET, daughter of A. St. John, of that place.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. W. D. Stevens, at St. Andrew's Church, WM. A. APPLEBY, of Spotswood, N. J. to LOUISA, daughter of Robert Petrine, of this city.

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, of Christ Church, JOHN B. CHAMPION, to KETURA M. HAYLES, all of Camden county, N. J.

On the 2d of April last, by the Rev. J. Humphries, Mr. JAMES L. TURNER, to Miss LOUISA MEGONIGAL, both of Philadelphia.

At Holmesburg, on the 29th ult. by John Finlayson, J. Esq., THOMAS CASE, to Miss ANNA B. ACHALIFF, both of Lower Dublin Township, Philadelphia co.

On the 7th ult. at New Brunswick, N. J. by the Rev. Daniel D. Lewis, Mr. WM. FARSON, to Mrs. CAROLINE P. CRUTCHER, all of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. CHARLES M. LEISENRING, formerly of Northumberland, Pa. to Miss THIRZA A. CAMPBELL, formerly of Danville, Columbia county, Pa.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, Mr. JOHN PATTERSON, to Miss ELLEN T. STEWART, both of this city.

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, the Hon. JACOB GIBSON, of Marietta, Pa. to Mrs. SARAH ALBRIGHT, of Reading.

Deaths.

On the 31st ult. FRANCES EMILY, daughter of Edward and Lydia Johnson, aged 1 year.

On the 1st inst. WILLIAM, son of Wm. and Sarah Davis, aged 4 months.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. BABEL WORELLMAN, aged 73.

On the 1st inst. EVALINE BROWER, aged 17 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. MARGARET MORROW, aged 53.

On the 1st inst. THOMAS WILLIAM, aged 15 years.

On the 31st ult. WILLIAM, son of Jos. T. and Martha E. Bates, aged 10 months.

On the 1st inst. ELLEN RYAN, aged 48 years.

On the 1st inst. EMMA JANE, daughter of Wm. and Jane Baker, aged 12 months.

On the 31st ult. JAMES ALBERTSON, aged 57 years.

On the 31st ult. WILLIAM T. son of George T. and Mary Gable, aged 24 years.

On the 31st ult. JAMES ALBERTSON, aged 57 years.

On the 31st ult. JOHN B. DOMAN, aged 19 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. ANN STILES, aged 1 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. SARAH LUCK, aged 60 years.

On the 27th ult. JOHN H. LUNN, aged 60 years.

On the 30th ult. TEMPLE F. GRANCE, aged 27.

On the 30th ult. ELIZABETH GLENN, aged 56 years.

On the 31st ult. Col. GEO. W. TUCKER, formerly of Tuckerton, N. J.

On the 29th ult. HUMPHREY ATHERTON, Esq., aged 66 years.

On the 28th ult. AMELIA, wife of Wm. Childs, aged 26 years.

On the 30th ult. WM. McILVAIN, aged 25 years.

On the 31st ult. SAMUEL BUSHMAN, aged 27 years.

On the 31st ult. SARAH GILLESPIE, aged 48 years.

On the 31st ult. TIMOTHY TAYLOR, son of Henry and Lydia Becker, aged 5 years.

On the 28th ult. FRANCIS KNOX, aged 5 years and 7 months.

On the 30th ult. ISABELLA M. MYERS, aged 3 years.

On the 28th ult. JUDITH BUTLER.

On the 29th ult. SUSAN HAYES, aged 4 years.

On the 2d inst. Mr. WM. M. WAGNER, aged 22.

On the 30th ult. JOHN CHRISTIAN, son of Richard and Louisa Kastner, aged 11 months.

On the 29th ult. ROBERT CRAIG, aged 25 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE ROBINSON, aged 75 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. MARY FLACK, aged 61 years.

On the 28th ult. ISAAC GRIFFITH, Jr. aged 38.

On the 27th ult. LEANDER D. DAVIS, aged 41 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. SUSAN, wife of Augustus Winkler.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ARREVEDO, aged 71 years.

On the 4th inst. CHRISTOPHER WALSH, Jr. aged 36 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, June 9, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do.	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	10 dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	par
Middletown	par
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Morristown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	10 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	½ dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	15 dis
Tonawanda	48 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	½ dis
Atlas bank	no sale
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	½ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Fk of Va, & branch	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1½
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co	2 dis
Knoxville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	sac
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	80 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 26th May to the 1st June.

May 26, received from			
W. H. B. Thomas	1 25	J. R. Mallory	2 00
W. B. Zeiber	3 93	J. Grigg	5 00
H. Frine	6 60	C. T. Merry	5 00
P. Enders	2 00	F. Wilson	2 50
C. Adams	25	Dr. J. C. Weidler	5 00
G. G. King	5 00	Dr. J. Roberts	4 00
J. Grant	5 00	Mrs. Limeburner	2 00
Buchanan & Dardin	5 00	Miss L. E. Clarke	2 00
G. W. King	2 70	A. & B. Hall	20 00
W. E. Lyons	5 00	C. H. Greeley & Co.	15 00
May 28			
J. Roberts	2 00	J. A. Raine	20 00
Dr. G. Mitchell	1 50	S. Healy	2 00
J. Carr	1 50	W. Warpole	2 00
S. Chamberlin	2 10	R. D. Morrison	5 00
J. M. Broad & Co.	6 25	C. S. Davies	10 00
W. R. McIlvain	2 25	N. Crowley	5 00
J. White	124 06	J. C. Caldwell	5 00
J. Baker	2 00	J. D. Wade	20 00
D. Potts	10 00	S. W. Wesenger	23 74
J. N. Luken	2 00	K. K. Harris	10 00
N. W. Vail	5 00	H. M. Buteman	2 00
J. C. Boggs	10 00	A. Mairs	2 00
C. Bentley	2 00	Mrs. Bennett	2 50
L. Heisser	2 50	Miss E. H. Marlow	2 00
R. B. Lehman	2 00	E. Paterson	5 00
W. A. Ledue	1 10	D. C. Denton & Co.	15 00
May 29			
E. B. Townsend	2 00	H. B. Thompson	1 25
J. Hollowbush	2 00	J. Wilde	1 00
W. H. Barnett	32 00	R. E. Hudson	1 00
S. J. Jackson	2 70	W. W. Harris	1 50
S. T. Trumbold	5 00	Miss E. D. Moss	2 00
A. L. Wilson	6 00	L. G. Nutting & Co.	10 00
Mrs. L. W. Starke	2 00	C. & W. Rushton	13 00
F. Belding	1 10	S. P. Cheyney, Jr.	2 50
A. Lawson	5 00	L. & T. Wells	15 00
E. B. Linscott	1 25		
May 30			
S. Madrin	2 00	F. E. Bateman	1 00
G. W. Harris	5 00	B. N. Graves	1 00
A. J. White	5 60	Dr. H. Eaton	1 00
M. W. Wilson	2 00	J. Wright	1 00
F. Rawlings	2 00	A. H. Miller	2 00
W. G. King	2 00	M. P. Riveley	2 00
J. Pearson & Co.	6 10	J. Trout	2 00
W. E. Ashmead	2 50	McClees & German	2 00
R. P. Newhall	2 01	E. M. Smith	2 00
R. W. Hollenback	4 00	J. M. Reno	2 00
F. Miller	1 00	G. W. Horndaffer	2 00
G. Robinson	1 00	A. C. Rankin	2 00
T. G. Simpson	1 00	Dr. A. Leiper	2 00
Miss M. A. Colbert	1 00	G. Bevan	2 00
J. L. McConnell	1 01	F. L. Currier	1 25
L. Hoffredt	1 00	S. A. Inman	1 00
Mrs. S. Connelly	1 00	W. H. Weld	30 00
Mrs. A. J. Morgan	1 00	A. Gary	5 00
C. Thompson	1 00	B. M. Bailey	23 00
A. Ettinger	1 00	N. Rockwell	1 25
W. L. Kite	1 00	C. S. Robinson	3 00
J. Cassaday	1 00	H. Smith	10 00
H. Seeaholts	1 00	D. Caulk	2 00
M. Reifsnyder	1 00	A. Van Arsdale	5 00
Mrs. L. Morris	1 00	Mrs. E. Morrow	2 00
W. B. Cook	1 01	Miss M. A. Coiles	2 00
Mrs. E. Griffith	1 00	T. B. Scott & Co.	10 00
May 31			
J. G. Edwards	37	S. Keith	5 00
D. Cole	1 00	D. K. Kellerman	5 00
W. Van Dyke	1 00	N. Strong	5 00
A. McCallum	2 00	T. Ashburner	2 00
G. W. Campbell	2 00	J. Davis	2 00
H. Walker	4 00	P. Enders	2 00
M. Ohl	5 00	T. A. Snow	10 00
J. Bolinger	5 00	H. P. Marston	2 00
S. N. Vance	5 00	P. Lloyd	1 00
E. N. Leeds	3 00	J. W. Hill	1 25
D. W. H. Tarpley	2 00	Miss S. A. Bowlby	2 00
Col. W. McMurtry	6 00	Mrs. E. S. Lott	2 00
R. B. Martin	20 00	W. H. Langsley, Jr.	4 10
R. S. Bailey	10 00		
June 1.			
Dr. D. Jayne	110 00	G. Boughton	2 00
R. Morris & Co.	25 00	E. Busby	1 00
A. May	2 00	J. Kearney	2 00
Col. J. McLurkin	2 00	Miss W. S. Allen	2 00
W. Scott	5 00	Mrs. A. C. McCoy	2 00
D. W. Mitchell	10 00	G. W. McQuade	2 00
J. G. Cross	10 00	T. L. Rusey & Co.	10 00
Mrs. S. C. Blanchard	2 00	P. W. Gregg & Co.	15 00
C. Taylor	10 00		

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A beautiful Colored Summer Fashion Plate.
Archery—an engraving on wood, by Pease.
A Cottage Plate—printed in two colors, by Kelly.
Music—two pages—original and composed [for the Book, by Cramer.
Great Hall at Mount Vernon, engraved by Frost.
The Pic Nic Party, by Croome.
Front elevation of W. H. Gatzmer's Cottage, [by Frost.
Ground Plan of " " " Frost.
Each of the above occupy one full page—making 11 in all.

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Jem'ah. | Tomb of Absalom.
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Pilgrims Bathing in the Jordan. | Greek Priest at Nazareth.
Shore of the Dead Sea. | Fountain of Nazareth.
Ain Jidy. | Great Sheikh of the 'Anezeh Tribe.
Pillar of Salt. | Beshhea.

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From this summary of the Contents it will be seen that the Expedition explored all of the most interesting spots of the Holy Land. They were examined with great care, especially those of which there is little or no authentic information; and the results will be found embodied in this volume. As the *official* account of an expedition which has attracted no small share of public attention, it has much interest for the general reader, while to the biblical student it will be necessary for the proper understanding of the Geography of the Holy Land. As a work of art, too, it merits attention; neither care nor expense has been spared to render it worthy its national character. It is printed on large type and fine paper; the illustrations are very numerous, presenting the most interesting points connected with the Expedition, and have been engraved in the best style of the art, while the whole may confidently be presented as equal, if not superior to any original work of the kind as yet attempted in this country. 11ks

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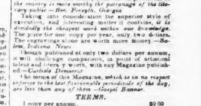

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And the air is stirred with the downy hum
Of bees, where the drone is never sent to be
A living taunt for each sorority;
And we wonder each thing which should be so,
Till, searching above and searching below,
We the hidden secret of Nature know.

There are cheerful homes, where the light of day
Seems in with a saintly glamouring ray;
Where the labor is lend, and nonce the bread,
And but scanty rest for the weary head;
Where children's wonder is Hunger praise,
And clasped in the cold embrace of Want
And we wonder each home, we find
That a faith which never looks behind
Gives rest to the knee and eyes to the blind

There are yearning hearts that wonder on
Through life, as if seeking a light that is gone;
Though no outward cause of grief appear,
Yet no friendly hand may stay the tear,
And the hidden secret of Sorrow know.
All that the fountain spirit feels
There hath not darkened, nor swerved the light;
But when to other eyes ourdoe most bright,
To them brings deepest but deepest and night.

There are gentle natures that journey vain
From the bustles where Love doth wearily turn,
Why beseem not to Flattery's wane,
Who cares not for warmth, but make their choice
To dwell alone, that so they may hear
The Muse's sweet voice for ever near
And catch the harmony of the mind
A solace and support they find,
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The lusty sun and the sparkling flower,
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THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

BY WM. H. PRESCOTT.

It was not long before one met, when the rest of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumphs as they came, "which in any age are one of the consequences," sounded like the songs of hell!"

Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some in showy stuff, checkered, white and red, like the scarlet of a lion-hound. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the Prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large peculiar ear-rings of the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold, of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was more rather than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, perforated in size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial fillet encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was pensive and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the long files of the procession at length drew near, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. The monarch was permitted to traverse the place in silence, and not a footcall was to be seen. When some one or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and turning round with an air exciting back, demanded—

"Where are the strangers?"

At this moment, Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander, to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country.

The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious nature of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, his subsequent redemption by the cross of the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth.

This power had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish Emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this Western hemisphere; and his General, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission.

The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and further more, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every hint in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Peter with Pizarro, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made two." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of Scripture was to establish himself in the foreign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire and his dark brow grew darker as he replied—

"I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his ambassador so brave a captain. But I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. That was God as you say, was put to death by the very men he created. But mine," he continued, pointing to the firmament, "what sits up in glory behind the mountains,—" my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had built those things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the leaves awhile, as if examining them, as he would an had received, probably for the purpose, and then, as he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed—

"Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will see to them here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, astounded by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up and hastened to his own countrymen, to whom he had been done, exclaiming—

"Do you not see, that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking to this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, I say, at once; I conjure you!"

Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The metal gave the word for the onset. Then, rushing into the square, the Spanish cavalry and his followers poured forth their fire, and shouted their war-cry.

It was answered by the battle-cry of every Peruvian in the city, as rushing from the avenues on the great halls in which they were crowded, they poured into the square, and met each in the very thick column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd.

The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and musquets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous clouds across the square, were met with a panic. They knew no shelter to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the hurried charge of the cavalry, who dashed through their right and left, without opposing a single weapon, and riding through the third phalanx, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their horror.

They made no resistance, as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly, and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the town lay at the place. It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued but around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by affording their own bodies as a shield for their sovereign, to shield their beloved master.

It is sad to lay some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance, is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to form back the struggling throng around their prince, and to grasp, and as one cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects thus falling around him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he sat was lofty, and he and his, as the mighty pyre swayed backwards and forwards, like a tall guard on the overwhelming ruin, like some fallen mariner, who, amazed at the wreck in his ship, in various elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder rolling around him with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert him.

At length weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, the shadow of evening approaching, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavalry made a desperate attempt to rout the effigy at once, by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with his characteristic coolness—

"Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca."

And stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men, the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It rolled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the fifth chief

"I be dogged," says one, "if that isn't the biggest load of hay I ever see! I'll be bound I have lots of them on this river, they say."

"I say, Jerry, don't they charge a price for a drink on this ere boat? You comin without wipin' but it's all owin' to the cholera comin' up the river, it's made liber aware, so he's nothing to sell but his cargo, and he's sent to me what we could do for him. He says he'll be here in a week, and I'm to keep the inspected putty close, but couldn't find nothin mean—that wasn't any sensible use nothin on that sort of thing. I'm sure I'm glad to get rid of it, and I'm glad that he wasn't a gentle to make a die or it that he'd have to be killed by a rattlesnake!"

"Well, what shall we call you?"

"Call me a typographical spirit of evil, if you please."

"Whereabouts in Ire?"

"Ah, that's what I don't know anything about."

Original Essay.

FACTS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF VEGETATION.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY J. R. HOWARD.

We have seen that the fresh potato is formed alive by seed or "eyes," and does not require to be put in the field or bed or nursery for it to grow in. Now, the potato is the "eye" of the plant by the reverse, and is formed below the seed, and requires an elevation to grown in, contrary, as the Irish, a dozen or more to stop and start the plant, or with one or another "manure," for it is born and grows in soil. Potatoes are formed in the "eyes" of the plant, planted like, grown upward. It can frequently, most successfully be produced from "slips," or plants when we wanted potatoes in the plant by the seed, as familiar in taste, and some other properties—

When we cannot have the "eyes" of the potato to the language of the South, where dark are raised, and we would call the Irish potato, simply "the potato, as they do in the North and in Europe; and the sweet potato," the "yam," so that it is not the Irish in the North, as we have here the potato and the sweet potato, and the Irish potato, simply "the potato, and the yellow or pumpkin Spanish, the sweet potato, &c., all belonging to the variety called the "sweet potato."

If the potato derives so much nutriment from the atmosphere, it is not to be wondered at that it will, sometimes, grow so much to vine? Or why is it that the top or vine seems to grow almost exclusively in the first stage of its growth, and that when, they are dug, no crop hardly, or a very small one, is found? Almost kinds of apples will bear those hundred, and the grafts have not yet all been destroyed at this time—we hope not—and we hope the most singular in the world, has effected a forbid to each branch, to relieve the quality of its fruit. The English had bought their trees, but when the island was restored to Spain, they left off sowing. And still they have not been three years in grow.

HABITS.—Do not fear to undertake to form any habits that is desirable, for it can be formed, and with very small trouble. Almost kinds of apples will bear those hundred, and the grafts have not yet all been destroyed at this time—we hope not—and we hope the most singular in the world, has effected a forbid to each branch, to relieve the quality of its fruit. The English had bought their trees, but when the island was restored to Spain, they left off sowing. And still they have not been three years in grow.

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Wit and Humor.

RINGING FOR HIS BOOTS.

AN INCIDENT ON THE OHIO RIVER.

On a late trip of the New England No. 3, there were two verdant young men in the steerage 20, from Virginia, Shenandoah Co., 10th legion! Issued Clarksville!

They came on board at Pittsburg, brought their gold washer, shovel and pick; took their state-room, and paid their money.

The last went on her way quickly, occasionally giving a note or two on her steam whistle, which we think is about three times as loud as the 11th steal.

"I be dogged," says one, "if that isn't the biggest load of hay I ever see! I'll be bound I have lots of them on this river, they say."

"I say, Jerry, don't they charge a price for a drink on this ere boat? You comin without wipin' but it's all owin' to the cholera comin' up the river, it's made liber aware, so he's nothing to sell but his cargo, and he's sent to me what we could do for him. He says he'll be here in a week, and I'm to keep the inspected putty close, but couldn't find nothin mean—that wasn't any sensible use nothin on that sort of thing. I'm sure I'm glad to get rid of it, and I'm glad that he wasn't a gentle to make a die or it that he'd have to be killed by a rattlesnake!"

"Well, what shall we call you?"

"Call me a typographical spirit of evil, if you please."

"Whereabouts in Ire?"

"Ah, that's what I don't know anything about."

"Gentlemen," asked the captain, "do you know what you are doing?"

"Yes, I do, old boss. I have been ringing this bell an hour to have the servant bring back my boots, and he must be out, for he can't hear these bells."

"There are no bells here for waiters, my dear sir. Come now to step and start the engine, for I, or other "manner," for it is born and grow in soil. Potatoes are formed in the "eyes" of the plant, planted like, grown upward. It can frequently, most successfully be produced from "slips," or plants when we wanted potatoes in the plant by the seed, as familiar in taste, and some other properties—

When we cannot have the "eyes" of the potato to the language of the South, where dark are raised, and we would call the Irish potato, simply "the potato, as they do in the North and in Europe; and the sweet potato," the "yam," so that it is not the Irish in the North, as we have here the potato and the sweet potato, and the Irish potato, simply "the potato, and the yellow or pumpkin Spanish, the sweet potato, &c., all belonging to the variety called the "sweet potato."

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